

Monday 10 P.M.
February 17th 96

My own Darling,

When I returned
from Mil. Vernon this morn
your dear face and Friday
& Thursdays greetings awaited
me. They made me so
ashamed of my neglect of
you lately, that I feel these
inexpressible fits will not
let hold of me often.
However, I managed to make
myself write you at least
one word every day, as

That the record is not broken, and
I have not missed reading our
chapters once since starting. Now I
do hope you are enjoying the "Afternoon"
I can picture your face as you come
to each of my markings; they are for
you only, Darling; - no one else would
understand. What a delight that
picture is to me, though ~~and~~ it does not
do you justice - the retouching is bad -
making it not so true as the proof.
They have taken out all the lines and
shadows from the right side.

Still, Darling, it is a picture
of my love, looking straight at me
and I shall be able to kiss you
goodnight now. You are looking
at me now as tho' you would say,
"What's the use of writing, I can read
your thoughts, my love."

Dearest, I had such a glorious
time visiting the Hawkins family at
Mt Vernon. I went yesterday & today
dinner and came home this forenoon.
They are almost my ideal of a family.
The father & mother are just as fresh

and gay as the young
people, and are loving
comrades with the young
people who visit at the
house; Such a home is
beautiful where the old
are in full sympathy
and good comradeship
with the young & even some

Well my dear love,
I must bid you goodnight
When Mallison comes
this week, I shall introduce
you, as you need have
no more misgivings -

Bless you, my darling,
Goodnight

Your Grace Sumner



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New York City



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